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1841

Carrier Dove

Daniel Johnson

John Newland Maffitt

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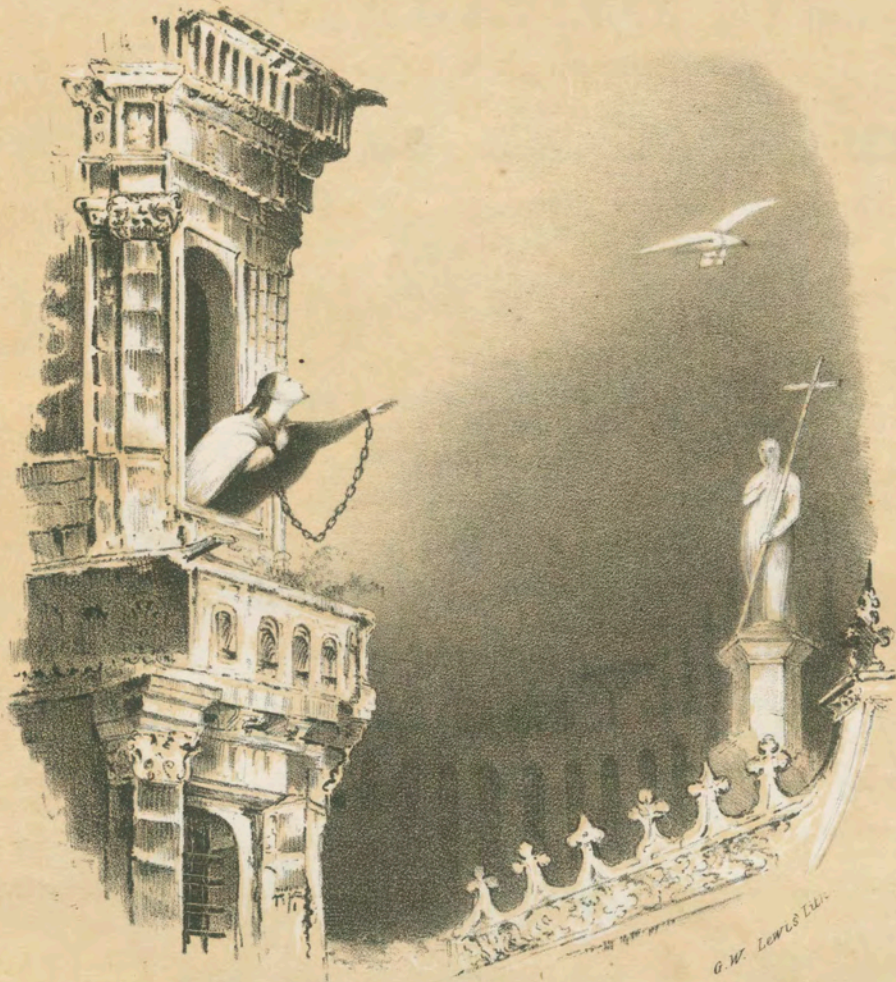
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Gg.

Ninth Edition

THE CARRIER DOVE,



"Oh Fly to her bower and say the chains"
Of the Tyrant are round me now, "

A BALLAD,

As sung with distinguished applause by

MRS. BAILEY (late Miss Watson) & MISS POOLE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE,

BY

DANIEL JOHNSON.

WITH ADDITIONAL WORDS BY THE,

REV. D. J. N. MAFFITT.

NEW YORK.

Published by **ATWILL** 201. Broadway.

Price 50 cents.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1861 by J. P. Atwill, in the clerk's office of the district Court, of Southern district of New York.

NINTH EDITION

THE CARRIER DOVE.

ALSO

THE SPIRIT BIRD.

the additional Words by the

REV. DR. J. N. MAFFET.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED & ARRANGED FOR THE

Primer Forks

BY

DANIEL JOHNSON.

D. R. Harrison

*** The Popularity of this Song, has induced persons in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, to publish music with the title of the "CARRIER DOVE;" the publisher of this Song, would respectfully remind purchasers: that the **GENUINE** Copy has the Imprint

—OF—

NEW YORK, Published at 204, Broadway, by ATWILL.

Slow and with much Expression



Fly a--way to the promis'd... land Sweet dove, Fly a--way to the promis'd

Fly a--way to my na-----tive land sweet dove, Fly a--way to my na-----tive



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1841, by J. E. Atwill in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

land, And bear these sighs to the friends I love the hap-
land, And bear these lines to my la...dy love, That I've
---py, the beauti...ful band, Deep Gloom hath sadden'd my
trae'd with a fee...ble hand, She mar...vels much at my
wea...ry breast, With sor-row my heart is stir...red I long
long de...lay A rumour of death she has heard, Or she
to hear from the land of the blest, Oh fly to their bowers sweet
thinks perhaps I false...ly stray, Then fly to her bower sweet



2

Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain,
Of the tyrant is e'er me now,
That I never shall mount my steed again,
With helmet upon my brow
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
Except when your voice is heard
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,
Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

3

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove
I shall miss thy visit at eve,
But bring me a line from my lady love,
And then I shall cease to grieve!
I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth.
I can fall by the conqueror's sword
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth
Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

Additional Words.

2

Oh! fly to their Bowers sweet dove, and say
The light of hope is on me now,
I long to list to a Seraph's lay
With bright glory upon my brow,
I feel that this world is not my home
An Angel's sweet voice I've heard,
It comes from beyond the dark lone tomb,
Oh! fly to their bowers, Sweet Bird.

3

I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet dove,
I will wait thy coming at eve,
But bear some news from the friends I love,
And then I will cease to grieve,
I could spring from this prison on wings of love
I could fall by death's conquering sword,
But I cannot stay from my friends above
Oh fly to their bowers Sweet Bird.

